

THE 321ST INFANTRY

I shall sit by him when he rests, or plays
A little, watching him at common tasks
Which come to all, ev'n there, like the soft lights
Of morn against a weary night of war.
And on a day when he does valorously
Some noble deed, as soldiers strive to do,
Exult for him, who will not for himself.

Sick, wounded, lonely, dreaming of his home,
Far-reaching love may make the dream seem true.
In prison—at that word my spirit quails—
I cannot speak it, Lord, unmingled with
A prayer to Thee, who came on earth to save
The sons of men, and lay, a little child,
Upon Thy mother's breast. Be Thou a rock
To shield him from the horrors of that hell,
And hold me up, to stand until the end.

If he must fall that our great land may live,
Heart, be thou strong to bear with him that day
His battle agony of blood and death;
Strong to die with him on his glorious field,
And rise with him into a land of peace,
A new land for his service and his love,
Where death is but another name for life.

O Lord, the God of Battles, who didst give
To men immortal life, and deathless love
Of freedom, in Thy power and might alone
My weak, home-keeping heart embarks today.

—A. E. F. SOLDIER'S MOTHER.

(Forwarded to "Stars and Stripes" by her son.)